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what in such a tone we may conceive that such a speculative christianity would practically speak. And if it must look alone to Hegel as its great master in theology, it might well choose for its practical teacher the great English churchman of our time, the large-hearted, noble-minded Maurice.

SCHILLER'S ETHICAL STUDIES.

BY JOSIAH ROYCE.

The history of literature is full of philosophic problems ; no period in it more so than that of the German classical literature. The philosophic problems concerned are, indeed, not those of the most purely theoretical interest ; they are, on the contrary, the great practical problems of life. But their general interest is none the less for that reason, as one is easily convinced by a very superficial consideration. It is with the philosophic problems that engaged the attention of a great literary man, the second of the great leaders of the classical literature, the popular and much-loved Schiller, that the following essay treats. Not a contribution to philosophy, but only an attempt to aid in the understanding of the poet, shall form the substance of our task. It is from an age full of outer and inner conflicts that our subject is taken. We shall seek to describe only one of the heroes, and him only in respect to one of his great adventures.

Schiller is profoundly an ethical poet. Not that he began life as a great ethical theorist. On the contrary, his early philosophic education was neglected, and until he was full thirty years old he knew of the great movements of thought of his day only superficially and by hearsay. But still, from the "Ode to Rousseau" down to "William Tell," you always find Schiller grappling with some problem as to the conduct of life. If he cannot speak the language of the school, he speaks his own language, and that is commonly much better. If he cannot give a final solution for his difficulties, as the schools always

do for theirs, that only makes his expression more poetic, his development freer, and his ideas more life-like. And when at last he is brought to spend three or four years on abstract, ethical, and æsthetic studies, the consequence is a return with greater vigor than before to the work of poetic production, and a daring effort to put all the results of his thinking into poetic form, and so to make them of worth for real life. From first to last his motto seems to be that nothing is too earnest for the earnestness of life, and nothing relating to life too barren for the transforming hand of poetry.

Popular instinct has long since recognized this fact of the ethical tendency of Schiller. To his own nation he appears as the poet of freedom, of ideal aspiration, of active striving for the better. The history of literature contrasts him with Goethe by making him the representative of the element of restless progressive effort in the classical period, as Goethe is the representative of the element of repose, of trust in nature, of self-surrender to life as a process, instead of self-affirmation in life as a free construction. No reader can mistake this tendency in Schiller. It is the merit, as it is the weakness, of all his best work, that it is throughout determined by ideas that have relation to action. Whatsoever things are in his eyes pure, lovely, of good report — these, and no others, he seeks to realize in his poetry. And so, as his ethical conceptions develop, his poems develop with them. In short, when you study the principles that governed Schiller's thought on practical questions, you enter at once into the laboratory where his genius worked, and witness at least a part of the process, in so far as that can be made visible, by which his productions reached maturity. And this is the ground of the importance of Schiller's ethical studies in the history of his life and works.

These studies were, as we have indicated, not for the first the fruit of an intimate and systematic acquaintance with philosophy, or with the special branch of it concerned. It is much rather true that Schiller finally came to busy himself quite systematically with philosophy because he had first long been an independent student of ethical problems, and had been unable to solve them satisfactorily.

In fact, to give a complete account of Schiller's ethical studies one would have to write a running commentary on all his works from first to last. And, at the same time, to take notice only of those of his writings wherein his opinions are stated in technical language, as a result of his special studies undertaken at one particular period, would be to give a false impression, and substitute only a very small part for a whole. We may perhaps avoid both errors by briefly sketching Schiller's development up to the time when he felt himself led to a special study of philosophy in hope of solving his difficulties and clearing his ideas on ethical and æsthetic problems; by then giving some account of this period of theory and its results, and by finally indicating the consequences which all this had for the poet's last and greatest period of productive activity.

The general chronology of Schiller's life favors such a division of the subject. And as this chronology is of some importance for the formation of clear ideas as to his course of development, I take the liberty of pausing for a moment over it.

Schiller was born November 10, 1759, and died May 9, 1805. A glance at the dates of his works assures one that by far the greatest of them belong to the last ten years of his life, from the beginning of 1795 on. The philosophic lyrics, the mass of the ballads, the dramas from "*Wallenstein*" to "*Tell*," the correspondence with Goethe, would all have been lost to the world had Schiller's illness of the year 1792 and the following year proved fatal—a result which seemed at the time very imminent. The works between 1780 and 1795 may, in the next place, be considered as falling under three periods: that from 1780 to 1783, inclusive, in which his first dramas, "*Die Räuber*," "*Fiesco*," and "*Kabale und Liebe*," together with the "*Odes to Laura*," and a few minor lyrics, fall; that from 1784 to 1788, inclusive, a transition period in his poetic style, marked principally by "*Don Carlos*," the tale known as the "*Geisterseher*," and the "*Philosophische Briefe*;" and that from 1789 to 1794, the transition period in his mental development, in which he gives up poetic production almost altogether, and busies himself first with his

tory, then with philosophy. Finally, in this last-mentioned period, we have, as the sub-period of special philosophic study, the years '91, '92, '93, and '94. In these, Schiller busied himself principally with the Kantian philosophy, and wrote the well-known series of æsthetic essays.

We have, accordingly, first to treat of Schiller's ethical studies, systematic or otherwise, as they find expression in his writings previous to the year 1791. We shall then be prepared to speak of Schiller the Kantian, from the year 1791 to the year 1795, and shall look ahead for a single moment at Schiller the classical poet, belonging to no school, and in fact to no nation, but to the history of the human mind as a whole, and to the literature of the world at large.

An unsolved theoretical problem may be, to a simple investigator, a source of pleasure. But an unsolved practical problem is to a poet only a cause of trouble. In so far as Schiller in his early views on ethical questions is uncertain, we may expect to find him unhappy. And, indeed, when we consider the problems that arouse his anxiety, we shall not be astonished. Let us mention some of these problems.

In the first place, then, we find Schiller deeply perplexed by the narrowness, the essential limitation, of all human character, knowledge, and attainment. That we have desires and powers in themselves perfectly justifiable, and yet in the nature of things incapable of finding in the actual world adequate objects — this impresses Schiller as containing a great and intensely practical problem in itself. What are we to do with these powers and desires? Are they illusions, through which nature makes use of us for unknown purposes? And must we therefore learn to rise above them, to despise them, to become cynics? Or are they not rather indications of a high and supernatural vocation of man, whose full realization is for the present hindered by powers of evil which we cannot understand? If this be the case, then do not these powers and desires open up to us the means of forming to our minds the ideal of a perfected and victorious humanity, an ideal that we may never see attained, although our business must be to strive for it unceasingly? This is the query of all Schiller's

early poetry. As a poet he inclines to the latter solution. There is nothing cynical about his true nature. But how he shall arrive at such a solution he cannot see; and when he writes a confidential letter, or attempts an especially mournful or passionate love-song, he often tries to convince other people that he is a cynic after all, that he does not believe in the true or in the good very seriously, and that he should not wonder if the whole turned out to be only a figure in the great dance of atoms. He quickly recovers in all cases, at least sufficiently to demand a way out of his difficulties from some one, or to dream out one for himself; but nothing can prevent the conflict from beginning all over again.

This difficulty is a very real one for Schiller, and not a mere subject for poetic fervor. The circumstances of his life have impressed it upon him and given it a peculiar tinge. His youth was not one of freedom, but of bondage in a military school. Even his course of study for his profession was, with the profession itself, forced upon him. He had no choice. His culture had thus been neglected, notwithstanding that his education was in a sense quite broad, although not exactly liberal. Sympathy, too, was lacking. And thus in all directions he felt his freedom of movement walled in. To be a citizen of the world, to be free, to know no law but what a higher consciousness sets for itself—this is the wish that breathes everywhere from his early poetic efforts.

Often the wish is obscurely expressed; often it asks simply that indefinite fullness of consciousness, that unordered overflow of intense feeling, which every one at first is apt to conceive as the essential effect of the beautiful, and the essential content of higher life. But, unstable as this view of things is, the poet must pass through it on his way to better understanding of his task, and in passing he makes this personal problem a universal one, and finds unlimited food for thought in the continual strife in the world between the desire for independent activity on the part of the individuals and the iron necessity with which mother Nature surrounds all her children. As early as in his graduation essay (*Ueber den Zusammenh. d. thier. Nat. d. Mensch. mit seiner geistig.*) he had given a pro-

visional solution to the problem. In this essay the body of man is taken as a general representative of the necessity of nature, and the soul as the general representative of the desire for freedom. The soul is shut up in the body, he reasons, because otherwise it could not develop its powers. Hearing and seeing, moving and constructing—yes, even much of thinking—are all obviously determined by the body.

Suppose a newly-created soul set alone by itself, without any body. It cannot hear nor see, it cannot act, it will never find out how to think—in fact, it might as well not exist. In short, by this reasoning the young surgeon finds it so easy to prove the value of having a body that we are almost tempted to ask, What, on this basis, may be the use of having a soul? The essay is eminently proper, eminently tedious, perhaps not quite sincere, but at all events unmistakably materialistic in its consequences. Schiller was not conscious of this fact, and was, at all events, no materialist at any point of his career. The incompleteness and instability of the solution he here proposes merely serve to show how far Schiller was from the full attainment of his end—the end, in fact, he never attained till the day of his death. The necessity of nature, which is the unspiritual; the needs of the spirit, which seem in this world but accidental—these are the two members of Schiller's Antinomy; and Antinomy it always remained, through abstract thinking and poetical enthusiasm, down to the end of his career.

The essay we have just mentioned is the first extant prose work, if we except "The Robbers" (which, notwithstanding the form, must be reckoned as poetry), in the course of Schiller's life as an author. If in its somewhat dry way it attacks the poet's pet problems, we may accept the fact as a sign that when Schiller writes prose again he will not forget to discuss anew the same topics, and, if he can, in better form. And, accordingly, we find further on, in 1786, a series of philosophic letters, in which, in the form of a correspondence between two friends, the ethical problem is once more taken up and its solution sought in an attempt at a poetic scheme of the universe. Perhaps these letters may serve best to introduce

the few words we have to say of Schiller's ethical studies as influencing his poetry in this first general period; for the letters are themselves highly poetical in their form, and are more systematic than any one of the lyrics from near the same time. In fact, no better commentary on the "*Lied an die Freude*" could be found than just these letters.

The external motive for the writing of the letters was the friendship of Schiller and Körner, and the intercourse and correspondence that grew out of it. Körner, the father of the poet Theodor Körner, who died in the *Befreiungskrieg*, was himself a man of no small talent, but more a thinker than he was a writer. His place in Schiller's early development is that of a quiet and kindly opposition. When Schiller is in despair, Körner encourages him. When Schiller jumps at conclusions, Körner invites him to study philosophy, and trust more to his understanding. When Schiller plunges into hard study, Körner reminds him of his vocation as a poet. And so throughout — with a curious mingling of affection, criticism, reverence, advice — Körner gives his great friend just the stay the perplexed soul needed. The correspondence of the two has long been famous. It was natural that Schiller should discourse of his difficulties concerning the problems of life with his thoughtful friend. Körner seems to have been a Kantian from the first, and he was not slow in recommending Schiller to search for a solution of his difficulties in that philosophy. But only the theoretic part of the system had as yet appeared. It was hard reading; Schiller's philosophic preparation was imperfect, his interest in his art very great, his outward circumstances not entirely satisfying, and his future still doubtful. He felt only the need of appealing to some kind of philosophic doctrine to escape from the weight of his problems. His reading in this direction had been mainly confined to the popular philosophy of the *Aufklärungs-periode*. With wonderful intuition he had seized on just the points that were fitting for a general doctrine of nature such as he sought, and now he made use of this material as a basis on which he might build his own speculation. This is the way in which the "*Philosophische Briefe*" originated.

The "Letters" are, as said, supposed to pass between two friends. Julius and Raphael are the names—Julius representing Schiller himself; Raphael, Körner. In fact, Körner is in part the author of the letters of Raphael. The form is in itself significant. At this time Schiller hopes to find in friendship the concrete solution of the ethical problem. This problem was: How shall man, who aspires to something incomparably higher and nobler than nature, be able to exist and develop in a world where he is cramped everywhere by iron laws of necessity, laws that are totally indifferent to his aspirations? Schiller hopes to find this as the answer: Man must become happy by making himself a friend to a fellow-man—by loving and being loved; for in friendship there is combined utter surrender of self to a foreign power—utter abandonment of self to a need of nature—and yet at the same time the highest freedom, the completest self-consciousness.

Julius finds himself full of doubts as to the nature and government of the world just at the point where he most needs assurance. For he is likewise in doubt as to the vocation of man; and how shall his doubts be put away if he cannot tell whence man came, nor whither he goes? Reason were a glorious treasure, he says, if it only might reveal to us something. But this god is put into a world of worms. The body with its needs is there; nature with its rigid regularity hems in the aspiring spirit. The vasty deeps of space are open to the mind; immeasurable spheres of activity seem offered—only that the mind may not think two ideas at once, nor have any certainty as to present, past, or future at any time. This is the most terrible of imprisonments; and that soul seems happier that never attains the knowledge of its imperfection, but remains for all life in the stolid indifference of ignorance.

This is the dark side of the picture. But Julius sees one hope of escape. What if this iron necessity of nature be itself but an illusion, and the free aspiration of the spirit be the reality? If there must be illusions somewhere, why not on the side of the party of evil? Perhaps, then, if we give free rein to fancy and construct for ourselves the picture of the best possible world, we may in the end be able to show

that our real world does not differ so much from this picture after all.

Here is the starting-point for Julius as Natur-philosoph, or, as he seems to prefer to be called, Theosoph. We cannot follow him into details. Suffice it to indicate the direction his thought takes. A world wherein the ordering of nature is to be in radical union with the aspirations of the spirit must be a world of love. Only by this means can the desire for individual freedom be reconciled with the bowing before external power, viz., when the individual feels himself united to the whole by the bonds of all-embracing affection. The feeling that links heart to heart in sympathy must be the principle that moves all things; otherwise, nature is a dead mass to us. God must, therefore, be the highest expression of this principle of love, and all the world must have been created by Him simply for the sake of realizing in all its infinite modifications the one idea of love. And in this world our duty, our highest vocation, must be the intensifying and increasing of the human affections with which we are endowed. Towards all mankind, brotherly love; towards our friends, the most perfect self-sacrifice; towards the ideal of love, worship — such is the whole duty of man.

Julius finds it easy enough to postulate this theory. He is sadly at loss for means to prove it. He can at best say only that the world ought to be at least as good as the thought of one poor mortal like himself. And Raphael offers no better consolation than that Julius should wait for more light, and study up “the limits of human reason;” by which, of course, our prosaic friend Körner means nothing more or less than the “*Kritik d. reinen Vernunft*.”

Such is the main content of the “*Philosophische Briefe*,” which remain after all only a fragment, but which are very suggestive of the inner life of our poet. It is obvious what must be the consequence as to his poetic productions in general during this period. If his ethical ideas govern his poetry, you must find, these ideas being what they are, a double tendency, producing two classes of poems. Is the poet chiefly occupied with the nobility of the higher affections, is he thinking of the

worth of friendship and love for humanity — then the difficulties suggested by the dead mass of nature will be pushed into the background; the poet will see only the bright side; he will extol duty as the mere natural outburst of affection; he will vivify nature itself, and see love and harmony everywhere. Such a mood gives birth actually to the early lyric, "*Die Freundschaft*," and later to the "*An die Freude*." In the first occurs that famous apotheosis of friendship, which is, no doubt, the finest triumph of Schiller's genius to be found in the "*Anthologie*," or in the other productions of the same time. The second needs no special reference. Critics may, indeed, say that the "*An die Freude*" is not a perfect poem, and that the effect is a little disordered. That, however, does not touch the fact that it is a very great poem, and that the effect is incomparable.

But is the poet more vividly conscious of the oppression of the order of nature, more attentive to the limits of consciousness, then the ethical tragedy, in which Schiller from first to last excelled, comes into the foreground — the world becomes a prison, nature a mysterious and cruel divinity, duty an external and inimical power; while love, the one saving feature of the whole, sinks into an accidental subjective phenomenon, beautiful but powerless. Only the poet's earnestness and manliness prevent him in these cases from becoming sentimental and tiring the reader with weak complaints. The examples of this style of poetry are, in this first period, common enough. In so far as the play of "The Robbers" has any plan at all, it rests on this idea. The original design of "Don Carlos" was the representation on the stage of poor, lonely love in a world of foes, rushing through life in an agony of passion, and finding destruction in the end — a sentimental design, indeed, and altered to answer the needs of the poet himself, who was in reality made of much better stuff than would be indicated by such a picture. The lyric "Resignation" is another variation of the same theme — the conscious spirit crushed before unconscious necessity, and only comforted by the thought that everybody else fares about as badly ("*Mit gleicher Liebe lieb' ich meine Kinder*"). The original form of the "*Götter Griechen-*

lands'' contains a few especially fiery stanzas, wherein the poet expresses his opinion of the order of nature while pretending to believe that it was not always so bad, and praising a mythical antiquity. The most outspoken of these stanzas were afterwards omitted.

Here, then, is an inner contradiction — a stubborn, insoluble residuum, as it were—in all Schiller's early thinking and constructing. If his ethical postulates are to be satisfied, he must be permitted to idealize the doctrine of nature. But if nature is stubborn, if she refuses to reveal to him anything but eyeless law — necessity that swerves from its course for the sake of no aspiration or demand or need of the individual — then the ethical postulates remain unsatisfied, the moral law is a heavy load, poetic idealism is but idle fancy.

From this stand-point there remain for Schiller but two provinces free to a greater or less degree from the burden of this perplexity. The one province is that of simple action. Man may work with ideal purpose so long as he lives; this, at least, the iron necessity of nature permits. And so long as one is hard at work, he is excused from answering abstruse questions. This spirit, the *sobriatur ambulando* of modern thought and life in general, is characteristic of Schiller's own laborious effort through his whole career. The other province where a partial reconciliation of necessity and freedom may be sought is that of political development. Man makes the State, thinks Schiller; therefore the State is, as a free construction, to a certain extent removed from the interference of dead nature. Here may be room for ideal energy, and here the ethical vocation of man may be in part realized. Schiller's thoughts on this subject are put into the mouth of the Marquis Posa, a character who is indeed, with all his nobility, a kind of filibuster, and whose advent in Schiller's brain during the composition of "Don Carlos" was the cause of a general revolution in the ordering of that drama—quite as great as the revolution caused in King Philip's court when the marquis appears on the scene. But he is an honest character, although fantastic; and his political idealism is the true expression of the attempt Schiller made to solve his ethical problem by consid-

ering the greater man of Plato's Republic, the State. It was the Schiller of the time we are now describing who hailed with hope the commencement of the French Revolution, just as it was Schiller the Kantian who lived to lament the bitter disappointment of these hopes.

The substance of all the foregoing is that the Schiller of the first period is not a nature-poet, and must not be judged as one. His sympathy with nature is, in fact, not developed; and if it were, he would not know what to do with it. He sees in nature a great display of forces, but does not pause much over the beauty or the significance of single features. He is too deeply troubled by unrest to be contemplative, too much in doubt to be submissive; and the reflective nature-poet could in modern times hardly succeed without one of these qualities. The Schiller of the "*Spaziergang*" is still far away, and years of progress come between. And yet, as we shall see, the Schiller of the "*Spaziergang*" himself was only half a nature-poet. The problems of this first period remained always in part unsolved.

The study of the antique classical models from 1788 on — a study which did so much to perfect Schiller's style — did not assist him in his ethical difficulties. The study of history only made the material of facts, on which his doubts were founded, greater. He appealed to the reigning philosophy for aid, and in 1791 commenced the study of Kant.

What Kant was to that age it is difficult for us fully to appreciate. His friends and foes came together into parties each of which combined many very heterogeneous elements. We find it thus very hard to say just what the early Kantians were in tendency — what they consciously meant as a body. Somewhat similar was this critical movement in its external character to that originating under the stimulus of Darwin's *Origin of Species* to-day — a similar combination, that is, of the most devotedly scientific and the most unfeignedly popular features of the thought of the time. But such a comparison is necessarily imperfect. Suffice it for our purpose that the "*Critique of Pure Reason*" was then read or read of by everybody who made any pretensions to keeping pace with the

thought of the age, that every one had an opinion of its merits, that many were confident of great revolutions of thought to spring from it. Schiller had long heard of the book, had long been advised to read it, had often been frightened from it, and now determined to approach it. He approached it, however, carefully, by first reading the "*Kritik d. Urtheilskraft*," Kant's systematic treatise on æsthetics and connected subjects. A poet could not have chosen a better means of becoming acquainted with Kant, for the "*Kritik d. Urtheilskraft*" is truly as entertaining a book as the sage of Königsberg was capable of writing. Schiller followed this up by reading Kant's principal ethical treatises and essays, in so far as they had yet appeared. The results of his study in this province will interest us here.

Kant's philosophy is a glorification, not of self, but of Consciousness. In Consciousness is all knowledge rooted; through Consciousness is all truth known. This is the starting-point. To conceive of the universe in part, or as a whole, is an act of Consciousness. To judge the truth or falsity of your conception is to judge Consciousness. But this consciousness is not the mere disordered mass of sensation — it is the result of formally-ordered sensation, of organized experience; and this, in its completest phase, is called science. The rules by which experience is ordered are the special property of Consciousness; without them it would not be consciousness. The Experience is the raw material that is to be organized. This is, in a word, the Kantian Theory of Knowledge. His Ethical Theory has a like basis. Nothing can be a rule of conduct that does not commend itself as such to Consciousness. If such a rule does commend itself to Consciousness as the one right one, then it ought to be followed, and the *Ought* remains eternally binding, no matter whether the rule actually ever is followed or not. Kant's deduction of the principles of conduct does not here concern us. Our business is only with the application of this foundation-maxim to the doctrine of the Ideal and Real as subjects of practical interest.

Suppose the demands of your moral consciousness are not

realized in the world. Suppose the *Ought* of your ethical postulate finds no actual fact to correspond with it. What refuge have you from endless perplexity at the course of events? You have, says the unshaken advocate of the rights of consciousness, you have even the Ethical Idea itself. Consciousness, as represented in the Practical Reason, is the support for this Idea, which is for that very reason judged better than the actual world in which it fails to find its realization. Accept this Idea for its true worth; be free from the bondage that depends on the sense, instead of on the moral consciousness, for the fulfillment of the latter's demands; be an ethical, and not a sensual, being.

In this direction these seek for the solution of the problem of Ideal and Real. The Ideal is that which is in conformity with your highest moral demands. Does it lie within your own power to make this Ideal an actual fact—then work for this end. But, is the realization beyond your power, and is the Real of Nature opposed to your Ideal, then your duty lies in independence. The reason in that case judges, postulates, examines, but never departs from its confidence in its own fixed principles. In these it finds a satisfaction that is greater than the disappointment; for it recognizes its own incomparable superiority amid the confusion about it.

The interest that all this must have had for Schiller's problems is evident. Especially, however, must he have been struck by one feature of Kant's theory. The rights of the moral Reason are asserted as against the simply arbitrary play of fancy, as well as against the extravagant discontent of the disappointed senses. Not merely must you find a higher satisfaction in the possession of the ethical ideas, whether or not they be found realized in the actual world, but you must also not try to substitute for this higher satisfaction any mere appeal to the fancy to solve the world-problem by imagining a world behind the one we see, like it in being a world of sense, but unlike it in being a perfectly good and happy world. In other words, all such attempts as Schiller's own undertaking in the "*Philosophische Briefe*," to make the world more tolerable to a poet by fancying that it is all an illusion, covering up a

goodly, poetic, fair, and free world behind the scenes, are, according to Kant, unsatisfactory. The poet's constructions are judged on æsthetic grounds; but the philosopher must be condemned if he have not held to reality, however unwelcome it be. The Reason needs no such support. It needs only confidence in itself. It does not ask to make a world out of mist, to correct this one that is made out of rock. No! The Reason is destined for a higher object. It is destined as the judge of all things.

The vocation of man is, therefore, the strictest obedience to the moral law, without regard to any hope he may have or not have of seeing all its precepts ideally realized. And the true equilibrium of life is attained when the Reason that supports the moral law has come fully to realize its own complete self-sufficiency, and to cease despairing of its own worth if it finds that it is not able to govern the course of outer Nature. So much, then, in general, for the inner contradictions of life which had so long oppressed Schiller's mind. If this treatment of them did not remove them, it at least opened a way towards rising above them. But, in particular, as to the content of these contradictions: Schiller had looked upon the iron necessity of nature as a power opposed to the desires and aspirations of the individual, and had found in this the ground of all the perplexities of life. What is the sense of Kant on this point? It is this: Instead of calling Nature, where it seems to oppose the realization of the moral needs of man, a non-ethical and inimical power, it were better to call it an obstacle, to all intents and purposes accidental in relation to the Reason. Reason does not see in Nature an enemy, but simply an unformed material that needs a transforming hand. That Nature does not produce ready-made statues does not arise from the opposition in Nature to the realization of the beautiful. It is simply the result of the fact that any agreement of Nature's rock-forms with the demands of the sculptor is a pure accident for the sculptor himself. His duty is, not to go statue-hunting through the mountains, but to take suitable material and make statues. The vocation of man is not to be found in the world merely, but it is to be realized by labor.

Such is the character of the Kantian Ethical doctrines in so far as we here have to deal with them. Schiller could not fail to be deeply influenced by them. They transformed him, in fact, from the hesitating, uncertain, despondent poet of the first period to the great Idealist of the classical time. They did not ever entirely conquer his former difficulties, but they brought him to the stage at which difficulties become incentives to earnest labor — not insurmountable barriers that terrify. They never entirely reconciled him with Nature, but they caused him to come nearer to her, and learn more from her. They did not make him contented with life, but they rendered his discontent a healthy, and not a morbid, one.

To determine how much external influences had to do with this change in Schiller, to follow the interaction between the philosophical and the literary elements in the life of a man who was studying Kant and the antique at the same time, to calculate the effect of the historical studies on the author of the “Netherlands” and of the “Thirty Years’ War” — all this, in itself an interesting task indeed, must be excluded from the present discussion. We can only, in conclusion, mention a few of the most prominent of the results of the study of the Kantian Ethics as these appear in Schiller’s works themselves.

The conception of Nature and of its relation to the poet — this, we have said, is changed for Schiller from this time on. How changed? In the three principle æsthetic essays you find a view of Nature in many respects peculiar. This view is foreshadowed as early as 1789, in “*Die Künstler*.” It is most fully expressed later, in the “*Spaziergang*.” Its development belongs to the era of the Kant-studies. This view is briefly expressed thus: Nature is the idyllic state of *naïve* perfection from which man starts. It is the ideal state of conscious perfection to which man must finally return. The object of culture is to make man in the full exercise of free choice become that which nature in the simple necessity of her own methods originally produces. What has this view in common with the previous one — the view that found nature an iron necessity that oppresses man? How comes one from the other? In answer to this question we must of course not hope to go too far beyond

the fact itself of the change. The simple truth is that, be it because of happier circumstances, or because of the gradual growth of the intimacy with Goethe, or by means of the study of the Greek poets — be it from any or all of these causes, Schiller had come to appreciate and enjoy nature-beauty more. This we must accept as truth, and question no further as to means. But the ethical studies now united themselves with this change of mood. The restless fantasy had previously complained of nature as an enemy, where she did not satisfy poetic needs. The more carefully trained judgment now is willing to let nature pass wherever she does not agree with the moral demands, to avoid her instead of reproaching her. But where she does conform to the ethical postulates, where in her simplicity and necessity she finds time also for excellence, here the ripened receptivity, the newly-developed submissiveness of the poet, is now ready to accept and to rejoice; and in these particulars is nature set up as a model for man, that she may shame his bungling intelligence with her unconscious skill.

Had Schiller been able to rest here, he would have become a nature-poet, like Goethe; but he would have suffered by the comparison. He had not been at school under the great teacher very long — while Goethe was her well-beloved child. But the ethical earnestness does not suffer our poet to rest at this point. The worth of Nature is now understood; but the problem as to Man — what form shall he give that? Old questions are aroused afresh here, and the awakening love of nature is disturbed by elements that forever keep it from becoming entirely pure or completely independent. The old opposition between the conscious effort and the unconscious power that limits effort is transferred to the sphere of consciousness itself, under the Kantian influence; and now we hear of the strife between the ethical tendency, which seeks harmony of spiritual life under the moral law, and the tendency of the senses, which introduces distraction continually. The presence of this strife, which the poet never succeeds in stilling or in reconciling with higher demands, casts a melancholy shadow over the whole of the classical period, and is the

feature in it that corresponds to the discontented murmuring of the first period.

Something of the influence of Fichte, with whom Schiller was for some time in companionship, is seen in the "*Briefe über die ästhetische Erziehung*," in which this matter is for the first time discussed at length. There is the same sharp contrast between the person and its rights and the distracting influence of the senses and desires, the same demand for a self-assertion which shall bring unity into the infinite diversity of life, the same despair of any final attainment of the harmony desired, the same heroic determination to enter the conflict, to work for the goal, though complete victory be infinitely removed, which are found in the works of the author of the "*Vorlesungen über die Bestimmung d. Gelehrten*" and of the "*Wissenschaftslehre*." But, as Schiller was a poet, and not always in the heroic mood, the joy of the warrior in the conflict is not always to be found in what he writes, and simple progress without hope of completion is often a wearisome enough prospect to his mind.

In one of the well-known lyrics he describes himself as a pilgrim who has been seeking for the place where "The earthly shall become heavenly, eternal;" long he has wandered from his father's house, night and day he has not stood still, but yet heaven ever remains far above — never touches earth; death is coming fast; he is past the age where he can hope for great changes; the stream bears him away; his Ideal can never be found — *das Dort ist niemals hier*. In the "*Ideale*," written as early as 1795, he even represents himself as deserted by his enthusiasm for a better life, deserted by everything but memory and friendship and the power to work. And again and again you find the same complaint, all through the classical period. The individual limits are recognized as inherent in the individual life. Nature is not blamed for them as she once was; but none the less are they limits.

The enthusiastic spirit often returns. The hand that wrote the "*An die Freude*" in 1785, can in 1795 pen "*Das Reich*

der Schatten,” or, as we know it now, “*Das Ideal und das Leben.*” Here the soul is to become a conquering Hercules; to forget its limits, and so to destroy them for consciousness; to rise in contempt above the incomplete actuality; to storm heaven, and find — what? Oh! the nectar of Jove, the Truth, the timeless and spaceless Eternal, and what not — in short, the Indescribable. Here the poet’s strong inspiration fails; one moment of sublime enthusiasm, one glimpse of a most excellent glory, and he is on earth again; he has tried to transcend the limits inherent in all individual life, and he has attained something too much like death to be an object on which our thoughts can long dwell without a chill. The first breath of the night-wind of Romanticism has touched the classic fields, and the Hymns to the Night, the Fate-Tragedies, the Epilogue in Heaven of the Second Part of Faust must all follow in their due course. The Classical spirit might have endured longer could it have but answered its own questions as to the vocation of man.

But the field of actual striving life — here is hope for something, is there not? Yes, but not for any complete satisfaction. In the “*Spaziergang*” you have the whole story told in brief form. The best that man has done is worse than the fair nature he has departed from in doing it. Culture has given birth to luxury, to fraud, to anarchy. Against your will you must recognize the superiority of Nature, and look in her for the accidental realization of the good you so long to see freely realized in man. Human history seems like a bad dream, and the poet can only comfort himself by looking up to the rocky hills, untouched by builder’s hand, and thinking: Here is, still, material. There is hope yet, for all is not behind us; something remains to be done. The same mingling of earnestness in labor and melancholy in reflection pervades the whole of the “Song of the Bell.” Political life is, indeed, not a subject for hope, thinks our poet, in so far as relates to the near future. There is no Marquis Posa for the French Revolution. But in the community, in the life among small bodies of men, there is interest and hope. For the great

people, you must look far ahead. Let Reformation begin at home.

We have followed our poet as far as we proposed to do at the outset. And here we must take leave of him. To sum up in briefest form the results, we have found Schiller busied in his first period with the problem of the relation of man to nature; in the second, with the relation of the actual man to the ideal man. Both problems are ethical; both, in reality, but different aspects of the same problem — that of the vocation of man. All our author's poetic productions are more or less tinged with the ethical element — all, therefore, more or less conditioned by the understanding he may have of his problem. In the first period Schiller doubts the possibility of a reconciliation with nature; in the second, the possibility of attaining the harmony of life. The first doubt lost its significance when the poet became a follower of Kant; the second remained with him till death. The first was the stepping-stone to his classical poetry; the second gave the signal for the commencement of the romantic school in literature. "The Robbers," in which the first tendency received its expression, was the last great work of the *Sturm und Drang* period. "*Die Brunt von Messina*," wherein the second tendency dominates all, wherein it becomes the foundation for a vague terror in view of all life and all action, and seeks refuge in mysticism, is the first of the *Schicksals-tragödien*. With any general judgment of an æsthetic nature on Schiller's whole career we have not here to do, and it would be useless to discuss what time has already settled. But one cannot help expressing a genuine admiration for the equipoise, the personal power, of the man who could so deeply feel the force of the problematic side of human life, and yet never give way to *Weltschmerz*; who could endure so many conflicts, and yet win for himself the honors of a classical poet. All is not conquest in the great idealist's life-history; all is not repose and perfection in his view of life. But is this so sad a failing? If it is, let him for whom life has no problems yet unsolved sound the first complaint.

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ERRATA.

Page 45, line 28,	for <i>such</i> , read <i>each</i> .
Page 51, line 23-4,	for a <i>plain man</i> , read <i>explain now</i> .
Page 54, line 5,	for <i>assuming</i> , read <i>assuring</i> .
Page 56, line 19,	for <i>Free</i> , read <i>True</i> .
Page 56, line 28-9,	for <i>diction</i> , read <i>dictation</i> .
Page 57, line 34,	for <i>interest</i> , read <i>increase</i> .
Page 60, line 12,	for <i>law-rule</i> , read <i>law — rule</i> .
Page 67, line 17,	for <i>the reappear</i> , read <i>there appear</i> .
Page 383, line 21,	for <i>sobriatur</i> , read <i>solvitur</i> .
Page 400, line 11,	for <i>on</i> , read <i>or</i> .
Page 401, line 8,	for <i>succeeded</i> , read <i>superseded</i> .
Page 402, line 30,	for <i>an</i> , read <i>our</i> .
Page 402, line 33,	for <i>an</i> , read <i>our</i> ; for <i>even</i> , read <i>ever</i> .